

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, August 31, 1811.

[NO. 19.]

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale:

(Continued)

The agony of Eugenio, during this mournful recital, may be easier imagined than described; exclamations of despair frequently escaped him, and when the servant, who followed the chaise on horseback, yielding to the concern he felt at his agitation, approached to his assistance, Eugenio in terrifying accents ordered him to retire. He remained above thirty hours without once alighting from the coach, or taking the slightest nourishment to support his spirits during the interview he was to have with the Cardinal.

When he arrived at Rome, and the post-chaise entered the court-yard of the Palace of Caprara, the numerous servants who surrounded it were unable to recognize the once gay and elegant Eugenio, who, in a monastic habit, with pallid

cheeks and hollow eyes, advanced with unsteady steps towards the portico of the Palace. The white robe in which he was wrapped, his extreme emaciation, and his gloomy and serious air, imparted to his whole figure the appearance of a spectre.

"Tell his Eminence that I desire to speak with him alone," said he to a servant who waited near him. The servant bowed respectfully, and after having introduced him to the audience chamber of the Cardinal, he left him to execute the orders he had received.

The moment the Cardinal appeared Eugenio knelt before him.—"I demand justice of your Eminence" said he with a firm tone, at the same time presenting the papers Marcella had delivered to him.

The Cardinal at first did not know his nephew;—he stretched forth his hand to receive the papers, when the unfortunate Eugenio, yielding to the train

of mournful reflections which the presence of his uncle excited, uttered a loud cry, closed his eyes, and appeared entirely bereft of his senses.

‘Gracious Heaven!’ exclaimed the astonished Cardinal, ‘it is him!—Yes, it is my nephew—my dear Eugenio!’

“Yes,” said Eugenio, re-animated by the carresses of his uncle, ‘yes, it is me, it is your nephew:—But justice! justice!—Vengeance!’ added he, with a terrible accent.

The Cardinal alarmed, was at a loss to conceive what could have reduced him to so violent a state of agitation;—he took him by the hand, and forced him to be seated by him, and with much difficulty obtained the explanation he desired.

While Eugenio was speaking, the countenance of the Cardinal expressed the utmost indignation.—“What a scene of horror!” he exclaimed, when he had finished;—“Oh my God! is it possible that thy holy religion should be thus profaned?—that those who ought to afford an example of virtue and forbearance, should become the executioners of their fellow-creatures!—Yes, I will punish this crime,” added

he with indignation; “I will instantly speak to the Pope; and may the chastisement inflicted upon the unworthy Abbess of San Cipriano, be a dreadful example to those who abuse the power entrusted to them!”

Eugenio kissed the hand of his uncle in a transport of joy, and appeared to experience a degree of tranquility, to which he had long been a stranger, the moment he received an assurance that the innocent Virginia would be revenged.

The next day the Cardinal delivered him the Pope’s brief; by which it was ordered that Signora Menzzoni should be degraded from the rank of Abbess, and escorted by guards to the most recluse Convent belonging to the States of the Church; further, that she should be condemned to the simple functions of attending sister, as well as the four Ancients, the accomplices of her vengeance; that the whole wing of the Abbey of San Cipriano, in which were the subterraneous vaults, should be entirely demolished, that the ruins should remain on the spot, as a monument of the justice of his holiness; and, lastly, that the mild and com-

passionate Marcella Salviati should be appointed Abbess of San Cipriano, and should immediately supersede Signora Menzzoni.

Eugenio, furnished with this brief, quitted Rome without a moment's delay. His impatience to punish the executioners of Virginia was at first the only sensation he experienced; but afterwards, the certainty of being able to recompence the tender cares of Marcella, afforded a soothing balm to the bleeding wound in his heart, and he was still occupied with the pleasing reflection when he arrived at San Cipriano.

Anxious in the first instance of sinking the Abbess under the weight of her terror, he desired her to be informed that he waited, in order to signify to her the orders of the Pope. That wicked woman, calling to her mind the unworthy treatment of Virginia, trembled with apprehension and terror; and when she appeared at the grate, she was scarce able to support herself.

Eugenio, turning from her with horror, presented her with the brief.—“Monster!” said he, in a terrific tone of voice, ‘read your condemnation, and obey!’

The Abbess hastily perused the paper, uttered a loud scream, and remained fixed on the spot; then, falling on her knees, she implored with tears the compassion of Eugenio.

‘No pardon!’ he exclaimed, —‘obey!—Were you actuated by the least emotion when the innocent victim you have so barbarously sacrificed, was imploring your pity?—No pardon’ he repeated with fury, observing that she still continued at his feet; then precipitately rushing out of the room, he ordered the guards who attended in the court-yard, to seize that remorseless woman, as well as her wicked accomplices, and conduct them to the monastery appointed by the Pope.

The whole Convent learned with joy that it was Marcella who was to become their Lady Abbess; and they beheld the departure of Signora Menzzoni without a regret for her fate, which she had so well merited.

The indefatigable Eugenio on the same day ordered the demolition of the wing of the Abbey situated over the subterraneous dungeons, and allowed the workmen not a moment's relaxation till every

trace of it was destroyed. He afterwards erected a modest tomb over the spot where Virginia was buried. Every day he passed several hours in contemplating it; he never left it without his eyes being suffused with tears; and when he had retired to his retreat, he invoked the shade of his Virginia, his dear Virginia.

The friendship of Father Genaro, his attentions, his mild indulgence, and particularly the consolations which religion afforded, assisted by time, assuaged the grief of Eugenio, or rather confined its transports to his own breast.

To a superficial and imperfect observer, his resignation appeared characteristic of the Sage; but to a man of sufficient penetration to explore the recesses of the human mind, it was the calmness and insensibility of a wounded spirit bowed down by the most heart-rending sensations. Father Genaro alone was not deceived—he had discovered the real secret of Nature.

(To be Concluded next week.)

PADY'S THANKS.

An Irishman being told he was very wicked—"Och," says Paddy, "I'm wicked enogh, thank God."

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany

A True Story.

EUGENIO to EMMA,

ON HER RETURN FROM THE
EAST-INDIES.

Start not: dear EMMA, at an
hapless name,
Veil'd to thy sense in perfidy and
shame!
Oh? deep indeed the mists, they
long have spread,
To fancy's eye, round this devoted
head!
While deeper still the shades of
anguish lower,
Drear as the night upon the win-
try bower,
When bitter winds howl fearful
o'er the plains,
And the bright stars are quench'd
amid the rains!
So quench'd each smiling plea-
sures roseate ray,
That once illumin'd lost Euge-
nio's way!

But, e'er his tortur'd soul's in-
cessant strife
Burst the dark confines of disas-
trous life,
Given, or with-held, by Emma's
guardian hands,
As her friend's peace hereafter
best demands,
Will she receive Eugenio's last
request,
In faithful trust for her Louisa's
breast,

Hear his sad story—that yet dares
appear
To claim her justice, and implore
her tear?

If so, let now thy gentle heart
incline
To mourn the trials, and the pangs
of mine!
No longer shalt thou think I basely
sold
My peace, my liberty, my love,
for gold;
That gold did purchase them, we
know too well,
But Oh! no, for *bid* sacrifice they
fell!
Learn then those dire events,
whose tyrant sway
Forc'd me to throw joy's vital root
away.
Yield my LOUISA to their stern
controul,
Gem of my youth! and day-star
of my soul!

To thee, so long accustom'd to
disclose
Whate'er on life the strengthen'd
colour throws,
To thee LOUISA questionless ap-
peal'd;
Reveal'd my vows, my broken faith
reveal'd;
Taught thee, thro' scenes, now
past and gone, to rove,
And hate the mean apostate to his
love.

Veil'd by her native groves, I
left the maid,
And journied onward from that
blooming glade,

With eyes, full oft reverted as I
pass'd,
With many a look to Heaven in
fervor cast,
To implore protection for LOUISA's
peace,
Her health's dear safety, and our
love's increase.

E'er yet I join'd the animated
Train,
Whose full-fraught vessels seek
the ports of gain,
To that domestic scene I bent my
way,
Which far in Deva's* woodland
mazes lay;
A rural kind retreat from all the
cares,
Which busy Commerce for her
sons prepares.
Translucent Deva the green valley
laves,
And darkling Alders screen her
wandering waves,
Till slow she rises from o'er-hang-
ing shades,
And, seen at distance, thro' the
opening glades,

* The River Deva, celebrated by Mil-
ton. and other of our Poets, rises in
Merionethshire, and flows thro' moun-
tainous and beautiful scenery, still, as it
is said, retaining its original name. In
Cheshire it assumes that of Dee, which
led some of the commentators on the first
Edition of this Poem to suppose the villa
of Ernesto in that country; but the au-
thor ment to place it in Wales, on the
banks of the Deva, before it changes its
title for one so much less harmonious,
and waters a country more fertile, but
much less lovely.

With bank-less veil'd, and streams
that mildly shine,
Leads round the lonely Hills her
silver line.

In that sweet dale, and by a
mountain's side,
Whose sheltering heights the an-
gry north deride,
Abode, so late, of cheerfulness and
ease,

White gleams the mansion thro'
the waving trees !
Tall are the trees that whisper
round its Walls,
And soft the pathway down the
Valley falls !

Oh ! how each charm, that decks
the quiet scene,
Assum'd new grace, and wore a
softer mien,
From the blest thought, that soon
the nuptial hour
Would lead Louisa to my native
bower !

'Twas there my gentle Parents
often knew
The calm sweet night, the day
that lightly flew ;
And there the heart-felt pleasure
gaily shew'd
Eugenio's welcome to the green
abode,
A father's elevating gladness prov-
ed
How dear the presence of the son
he loved.
My gentle Mother, archly smiling,
preest
The love-sick wanderer to her
honor'd breast ;
For so she fondly call'd her darling
Youth,

Yet lov'd his ardor, and approv'd
his truth.

My sisters, fair, ingenuous, grace-
ful maids,

Th' acknowledg'd pride of all the
neighbouring shades,

Met me with bounding step, and
joyous mein,

And rays of transport brightened
all the scene

Nor wilt thou, mighty love !
upbraid my heart,
For bearing in their joys so warm
a part ;

Since no ambition glow'd my
Father's brow,

No thirst of wealth reproach'd my
plighted vow ;

He scorn'd to name Louisa's want
of gold,

But gladly listened while her
worth I told.

Pleas'd has he seen her in this
melting eye,

Pleas'd with her name, half whis-
pered in a sigh ;

Then would I grasp his hand and,
ardent say,

"Oft shall my parents bless our
bridal day,

Since from that soul of sweetness,
they shall share

A daughter's tenderness, an An-
gel's care ;

For her each virtue and each
grace refin'd,

That breathe on loveliness the
glow of mind,

And, with assiduous duty's cheer-
ing pow'r,

Strew life's worn path with ev'ry
filial flow'r."

One eve, as on the shady bank
 I rode,
 Where thro' new dales the beau-
 teous Deva flow'd,
 Loitering I listen to the Red-breast
 clear,
 The last lone songster of the wain-
 ing Year.
 Light o'er the leaves sweet autumn
 breathes serene,
 And tips with gold their yet unfad-
 ed green.
 Now many a vapor grey the
 stream exhales,
 And twilight steals unheeded on
 the Vales ;
 O'er the hill-top the lines of crim-
 son run,
 The glowing raiments of the van-
 ish'd sun ;
 Nor yet the deepning shades of
 night impede
 My roving course, which pensive
 musings lead,
 What time the Moon of Ceres*
 mildly throws
 Her shadowy grace, and breaths
 her soft repose
 O'er the dark Shrubs, that clothe
 the rocky Steeps,
 Shelve from their tops, and fringe
 the crystal Deeps :
 While, as around those rocks the
 river glides,
 White moon-beams tremble in
 the glancing tides.

Sudden, wild sounds are borne
 along the gales ;
 The piercing shriek my startled
 ear assails !

* Moon of Ceres, the Harvest Moon.

But scarce a Moment, with
 check'd rein, I stand,
 Th' uplifted cane gras'd sternly in
 my hand,
 E'er bending forward o'er my ea-
 ger horse,
 Urging, with needless spur, his
 rapid course,
 And plunging thro' the deep, op-
 posing flood,
 I pierce the tangled mazes of the
 wood.
 On fibrous oaks, that roughen all
 the ground,
 My steed's fleet hoofs, with hollow
 noise resound :
 And doubled by the echos from
 the caves,
 Appal a guilty band of desperate
 slaves ;
 For soon, in truthless, felon-gripe,
 I found
 A beauteous Female, screaming
 on the ground ;
 Dragg'd from her horse, that
 graz'd unconscious near,
 Her tresses torn, and frantic with
 her fear.
 Two livered Youths, attendant on
 the maid,
 At the first onset in that gloomy
 glade,
 Had, or seduced by gold, or wing
 by dread,
 From danger, and from duty, cow-
 ard fled.

Alarm'd, the villians quit their
 struggling prey,
 And two, with terror struck, speed
 fast away.
 Fierces the third, the arm of blood
 extends ;

The lell'd tube, in dire direction,
bends !

Yet no cold fear arrests my venge-
ful force,

And his wing'd death-ball flies
with erring course ;

But not descends my nervous blow
in vain,

The hidden lead indents the mur-
derer's brain ;

With one demoniac glance, as
down he fell,

The soul starts furious from its
vital cell.

Then tender pity, and assiduous
care,

Conduct me swiftly to the swoon-
ing fair.

The light, cool, drops, scoop'd
from the neighb'ring spring.

O'er her pale brow solicitous I
fling ;

'Till life's warm tide, which long
the Heart detains,

Returns, slow purpling the forsak-
en veins.

In one deep sigh, as recollection
came,

It wakens gratitude's impetuous
flame.

'For more than life,' exclaims
the trembling maid,

'I stand indebted to the generous
aid.'

'Cease, fair-one, cease.—well
might this arm deserve

That deadliest Palsies wither ev'ry
nerve,

And it refus'd the aid to thee it
gave,

On coward shunn'd the duty of the
Brave !

But let me now, since danger
haunts delay,

To safer scenes my lovely charge
convey.

Deep in yon vale, Ernesto's mod-
est Dome

Lifts its fair head—my tranquil,
happy home !

There ev'ry welcome shall her
steps receive,

That hospitable affluence knows to
give.'

This said, her trembling form,
with anxious haste,

My twining arms on her light
coarser placed ;

Then, as emerging from the dark-
ling wood,

Along the moon-bright Dales we
slowly rode

Surpris'd his gorgeous trappings I
behold,

The net of silver, and the thongs
of gold ;

While all the vestments of the
lovely dame

The pride of elevated rank pro-
claim.

The costly lace had golden leaves
imprest

Light on the borders of the pearly
vest ;

Her taper waist the broider'd zone
entwines,

Clasp'd by a Gem, the boast of
Orient Mines ;

On as we pass, on ev'ry side it
gleams,

And to the Moon, in trembling
lustre, streams !

(To be Continued)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor.

It has sir been my fortunate lot to pass my younger years in a village where *Religion*, received from its devotees that respect and veneration, so awful and sublime an act^d as the worshipping an immaculate omnipotent Deity, imperiously imposes and naturally inspires; and under the conviction of the impropriety and wickedness of attending a place dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being, from any other than the pure and laudible motive of piety to God, and hopes of moral improvement they deemed it their duty strenuously to recommend at least, decency of behaviour, to those that frequented their assemblies, and to discountenance every act committed derogative to the dignity of our Creator! they were not unsuccessful; vivacity on all ordinary occasions, was encouraged and highly esteemed; but *Sobriety* in their deportment on days set apart for religious exercises, had become the standard of estimating their good breeding and morality. On leaving this place where I happily received the rudiments of my acquirements, I was immediately ushered into this celebrated metropolis.

I had not been long here before I was induced by the persuasions of one of my friends, to attend, what is emphatically termed a *Methodist Meeting*. I was informed by my comrade that we were now unto our destined place; and from the appearance (if the structure we were in the act of approaching, I had every reason to believe) was a church, but was much surprised on observing a vast quantity of people hovering about the doors, which, I afterwards discovered to consist principally of juvenile, like myself; from the inconsistency of the two scenes, could scarce bring my senses to credit the assertion of my friend, that it was a house wherein divine worship was to be performed. We however mingled with the croud, and the neatness of the exteriors of many of them first, imprest me with the idea they could be no less than the *flower* of the city; but was soon mortified into a discovery of the mistake I had been in; their contumelous, trifling language, and behaviour, undeceived me, demonstrative that fine cloaths ect: is but a "smooth and shining varnish which may lacker over the basest metal." The commencement of the ceremonies next attracted my at-

tention, and drew me into the church to hear and see them consummated. To the honour of the preacher and those that I conceived was attached to the institution, cannot refrain asserting, I observed no impropriety in *their* conduct ; on the contrary though they performed their various duties with a great degree of *zeal* and veneration. The behaviour of *many* of the younger class however was highly reprehensible, yea, even audacious. They appeared to be wholly inattentive to the craterical part of the ceremony ; indeed their time was mostly taken up in whispering, sometimes talking, significant nods and inflection of the eyes : no commander in ordering his men to incline to the right or left, could be better or with more elacricy obeyed, than these trifling ; indevout church attenders obeyed the impulse of an indecent, improper curiosity, and their obscene views by a generel inclination of the heads, and oblique cast of what their vanity perhaps represented to be bright and irresistible orbs of *each* to their *opposite* sex, at the adverse part of the church. At the dissolution of the meeting my surprise and indignation was far from being diminished on abserving at and

contiguous to the church doors a still greater concourse ; by being informed by my friend, that a great number of them had not entered the church ; and on observing their conduct to the females as they passed—staring at, making improper and impertinent remarks upon, and otherwise insulting them. In short sir I think it would be superfluous to recount all their actions or rieterate here the language they made use of ; your reeders without doubt have either been witnesses to, or heard of these shameful transactions, which *we* discovered was not confined to the church door, for on our way home we repeatedly observed a repetition of them. Retiring to rest I was naturally led into a train of reflecting, inductive to an enquiry into the origin of these practices and why permitted.—The exertions that I perceive, were made to keep regulations by order, as I supposed of the spiritual directors completely exempted them from the blame I was first inclined to impute to them. The civil magistrate next came under my observation, but could not attach to them any great degree of culpability, for I perceived stationed there the virgils of night these useful

men, the principal part of whose duty is to disperse riots, and mobs; prevent murders, and robberies; and to secure such like invaders of the laws. yet I think the prevention of such mobs collecting about the church, practicable nor should I deem it an arbitrary race in our civil guardians to enact laws conducive to this end.

With deference to the justness of stigmatizing these identical persons in question, with indecours, and contumelious behaviour, I am convinced there is for the basis of such conduct, and for every event of this nature, a primitive cause. Though it is seldom (as in this case) this original cause is adequate to the crime—not sufficiently pure and laudible, tis to render the actor exempt from blame. Faithfully as their conduct of merits to be discountenanced we are to look to the *source* of the evil, and there apply our animadversary. There are a number of inconsiderate and giddy, if not depraved females, frequents these churches no doubt from the same plausible motive as the other sex.

I should say, and do sincerely believe, if the ladies, would treat those who in their behav-

iour to them, possess the line marked out by modest and good breeding, with the contempt and disdain the sensation of a virtuous and modest female is always susceptible of when these sacred and efficacious rights are invaded, would infallibly tend to destroy the practice, which now rages to the terror and inconvenience of the worthy part of the fair sex, and to the disgrace of a section of both. F.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.
.....

KEMBES LEVEE.

A curious mistake occurred at Mr. Kemble's levee the morning at Covent Garden; a gentleman was shewn into his presence, whose object an engagement for his daughter: but as about this hour a horse dealer had been appointed to call, the manager, whose head runs very much at present upon his stud,* mistook one for the other, and began, by asking the father of Melpomene. How old is she? Sixteen last May, Sir. Oh, *she's aged* than, and won't do for the *hard* work: pray is she quiet? Perfectly,

* Real horses have lately been introduced on the London Stage.

I never knew a gentler creature Has she been long in town? I only brought her up with me a week ago from East Grinstead. Has she been properly handled? Mr. Thelwll has given her some lessons. Has she ever been between the pillars? Sir, I don't understand you—Well, Well, no matter; if your terms are moderate, I dare say we shall not differ. Sir, that I leave entirely to yourself; she is below, shall I bring her up to you? Bring her up oh no, (smiling grimly,) give her to my groom, he'll put her into a stall till I come down to look at her. Into a stall, Sir? Yes, Sir, into a stall, to be sure? and, as you say, she is quite gentle, and, I presume, *perfectly sound*—I am determined to try her myself. My friend Morton, is writing a melo-drama, in which I am* to perform? and I am determined, should we close the bargain, *to make my entrance upon her back!* Upon her back, upon my daughter's back Sir! Sir, do you mean to affront me? Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons but don't you come from the Cumberland Mews? No, I came from East Grinstead. With a mare? No, with my daughter. Bless my soul, Sir, I have been betrayed into a

great mistake—But I am glad we happened to be alone, (solemnly taking a pinch of snuff) *such meetings should be private.* *London pap.*

Civilization!—A boxing match took place at Mousely Hurst' in the neighborhood of London, on the 21st of May, for 100 guineas. The champions were *Molineux*, (the famous black man from New-York) and a young Englishman named *Rimmer*. In the course of 15 minutes the black pounded his antagonist most tremendously; when lords, nobles, sweeps, ploughmen, fightingmen, and assistants, from pique or sympathy, crowded in the ring and fought promiscuously about twenty minutes. There were present at this brutal exhibition about *fifteen thousand* spectators of all ranks. *London pap.*

CONTENTMENT

Happy superlatively happy that man, and that man only, who can say with the great Apostle, "I have learned in *whatsoever* state I am, there with to be content." And the mind, which is thus composed

and at peace within himself, satisfied with that portion of enjoyments, which a wise and good Providence appoints, is no longer at the mercy of all the changes and chances of this sublunary world: he has nobly emancipated himself from the general servitude to blind and capricious fortune.—Equally without a wish so mean as to be great," as un'scared by the spectre of pale poverty,' he is cool and tranquil enough to relish all the humble blessing of his own state of life. His bosom is at rest, not like the troubled sea, violent in its motions, and foul in its appearance; but like a gentle rivulet, all clear and exhibiting, as in a mirror, every beauty of the landscape around him, together with the splendor and magnificence of the heavens above.

POVERTY

poverty is no disgrace unless it be brought on by extravagance, dissipation, and folly.

Homer, whose memorials of genius will remain forever, was poor and blind, and often exposed to the inclemency of the rude and merciless storm, for want of covering, used to resort to public places, to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.

Otway, the celebrated, poet, is said to have died in want, or as related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea—and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, August 24, 1811.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time

The City Inspector reports the death of 80 persons in this city and at potter's field during the last week, ending on the 24th inst.

Destructive Tornadoes.

A gentleman from Quebec, who left that city on the 12th July gives an account of an extraordinary tornado in that place and its vicinity on the 3d of July. It happened when the tide was coming in, the wind being in opposition to the tide, which rendered the scene more desperate.—Several boats were sunk, and many vessels which lay in the harbor and river were greatly damaged. Numerous buildings were destroyed, and many persons who were in the fields and roads were driven by the force of the wind 20 or 30 rods, some of whom received essential injury in their precipitate flight from the obstructions in their way. One man had his arm broken by being forced against a wagon. He relates that another tornado commenced on the 10th inst, which continued four days with unremitting fury—accompanied with the most violent

torrents of rain ever known in that place. The shipping was greatly damaged, and many boats, together with their crews were lost. It was supposed that from 110 to 120 lives were lost in the terrible catastrophe. Numbers of dead bodies were daily found on the shores of the river.

HORRID MURDER.

Mr. Uriah Drake, son of William Drake, esq. of Norton, in Delaware county, Ohio, a young man of about twenty one or two years of age, was murdered and mangled in a most shocking manner, on the evening of the 27th ult. near the road leading from Lower to Upper Sandusky, and about 17 miles from the former place. This horrid deed is supposed to have been perpetrated by a transient free negro-man who call himself *Bill Jackson*, and who is apprehended and confined in irons, in Delaware county. The circumstances so far as we have been able to learn them from the deputy sheriff of that county, appear to be as follows: Mr. Drake had started on the forenoon of the 27th, from Lower Sandusky, where he had been some months at labour, to return to Norton without any company, and was seen by an intelligent Indian to pass his cabin about 13 miles on the way, about three hours before night on the same day—the negro-man was at the time standing and conversing with the Indian, having just come the same road from the Lower town having about him a rifle, an axe, a tomahawk, and hunter's knife, and soon after Mr. Drake had passed, followed on the same road. Nothing further was heard of the young man until several days after when his friends being informed of his starting for home, became alarmed, and with assistance of both the white people and the Indians of the Sandusky settlements, who zealously turned out upon the search discovered the body on the 4th instant, about 40 rods from the road immediately on the bank of the Sandusky river, and about five miles from the place where the Indian saw him. It appeared that the murderer had overtaken him on the way, and struck or attempted to strike him, so that he took the alarm and ran off from the road towards the river, where he was pursued and murdered on the edge of the water, his tracks with shoes and

the pursuer with moccasins, were seen descending into the water, and the moccasin track only out of it a short distance below, and a trace where the body had been dragged up the bank, and after being stripped of his coat, vest, hat, handkerchief, shoes and pocketbook, thrown into a thicket of weeds. He had received four cuts on his head with the edge of a tomahawk and one with the head of it, all which penetrated his skull; and was scalped in a manner different from that of the Indians usage.—Some part of the property of the unfortunate young man was found in possession of the negro, though not the principal and various other circumstances have led to the suspicion that the negro had supposed Mr Drake, to have received his wages in cash, (which he had not, except two dollars) and had committed the horrid deed to obtain it from him—scalping him, that it might be imputed to the Indians.

Married.

On Tuesday evening, 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dreyer, Christian F Hennings, Esq. to Miss Anna Maria Halsey

At Woodbridge, N. J. on Saturday the 17 inst. by the rev. Mr. Roe, Mr. David V Nostrand, merchant of New York, to Miss Hannah Freeman, daughter of Mr Henry Freeman of Woodbridge.

Died.

Sincearly regretted in the Island of Porto Rico. Mrs. Margaret Byrne, wife of Mr. Andrew Byrne, merchant, late, of this city.

On Friday the 23d inst. Mrs. Boyd, wife of Samuel Boyd, esq.

On Friday the 23d inst. in the 78th year of her age Mrs. Elizabeth De Forest

On Thursday the 22 inst. Mrs. Jarusha M. Strebeck wife of the rev George Strebeck.

At Providence, Col. Nathan Fisherr, aged 55.

On Tuesday last of a lingering illness, Capt Peter Woodward in the 50th year of his age.

At Newark, Mrs Mary Smith, widow of William P Smith, esq. aged 92 years.

At Salem, the hon. John Pickering, aged 71. At East Hadlam, Thomas Moseley, esq. M. D.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany



*The following lines was wrote by a Young
Lady of New Port, Isle of whight,
England.*

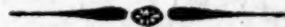
A farewell to the officers on Board the
American sloop of War, Warsp
Captain Smith, on her leaving Cowes
Roads in 1807.



Be hush'd ye murm'ring tempests of the
deep,
In caves profound eternal slumbers keep,
Ye Boist'rous winds your furious breath
restrain,
Nor heave the surface of th' impetuous
main,
No more in hallow howlings wildly
rave,
But gentlist breezes and propitious
gales,
Direct their course and swell their
spreading sails
What tho' ye quit fair Vecta's Bloming
shore,
And tho' we part perchance to meet no
more,
Yet mem'ry shall to friendship ever
true
Recall these hours so sweet but fleeting
too,

Recall the virtues of each noble youth
Whose gen'rous bosom is the abode of
truth,
If virtue claims protection from above,
Sure heaven will shield them with its
kindest love,
With favo'ring hand its choisest gifts
bestow
And guardian angels shall this crew
restore,
Peaceful and happy to their native
shore.

P. T. O. N.



BY J. STEVENSON, MUS. DOG.

Tune—Brown Thorn:

Why do you lovely virgins mourn,
Like drooping lilies wet with dew?
And why, around yon marble urn,
Spring's choicest roses do they strew?
Alas! the sweetest rose is gone,
By Shannon's stream it fell;
The brightest star that ever shone,
Hath bid the sickly earth farewell.

Of Rhodoriek's noble race was she,
The gentle maid we love so much:
And fair she was as eye could see,
She boasted nature's finished touch;
And mild and comely was the youth
For whom she fondly sigh'd
Oh! timid love, and heav'nly truth
Seem'd in this glowing pair ally'd

But sad and fatal was the morn
That e'er he joined the martial throng
Alas! from thence was no return,
And loud was heard the fun'ral song,
Her eye was fix'd in silent grief,
Nor long was sorrows dream,
For death soon brought the wish'd re-
lief,
And pluck the rose by Shannons,
stream.

THE LEGACY

A popular song, by Thomas Moore. Esq.


When in death I shall calm recline
Then bear my heart to its mistress
 dear
Tell her it liv'd on smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue while it linger'd
 here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But balmy drops from the red grape
 borrow
To bathe the relic from morn till
 night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take the harp to your ancient
 hall.
Hang it up at the friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call:—
And should some bard, who roams for-
 saken
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Then let one thought of its master
 'waken
Your warmest smiles for the child of
 song.

Keep this cup that's now o'erflowing
To grace your revel when I'm at rest,
Never—O never—its balm bestowing
On lips which beauty had seldom
 blest.
But if some fond devoted lover
For her he adores should bathe its
 brim,
O then my spirit around shall hover
And hallow each drop that foams for
 him.

EPIGRAM

Says Bob to Jim you're are a rogue
 and a cheat;
Says Jim to Bob you're a rascal com-
 plete;
Quoth Thomas the truth of the proverb
 I see,
That two of a trade can never agree!!

 WANTED immediately,
an Apprentice to the Printing busi-
ness, apply at this office.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the
Office of the
LADY'S MISCELLANY

COFFEE FOR FAMILY USE.

Wetmore & Jackson, No. 75 Wall
street, have for sale 50 Bags of the
Choicest green COFFEE.—Families may
be supplied by the single Bag, at reduc-
ed prices. August 10

CARPET WEAVER.

The subscriber, respectfully solicits
the patronage of the Lady's in this city,
as carpet weaver.—he is an aged man,
and wishes to employ his time in this
way, as weaving has been his general
profession, he will be thankful for, and
will strictly attend to all orders left for
him at No. 12 Henry street,
August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
to No. 145 Broadway, where he con-
tinues to procure money on Mortgages,
notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
sonable commision.—Also the lease of
2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30
farms, several with good improvements,
will be sold low, goods & property of e-
very sort taken in payment, or any who
forms a company tickets & draw for the
different farms will be liberally paid for it
Also a skilfull farming man with a good
character, will meet with encouragement
by applying as above. May 20th, 1811.

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AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.